SIGN POSTS TO SUCCESS.

By Herbert Kaufman

Real Ambition Knows No Age.

The *last* chance is as *good* as the *first.* Every time the cards are *reshuffled* there's *another* winning hand in the *deck.*

Don't give up *hope*—try a *new deal.* The *when* and *where* of *success* don't matter.

Your *time limit* is your *life limit.* You've already *made* and *paid* for your *mistakes.* They're *settled* in *full,* but *you* are *not.*

So *pitch in* and *do something.* You're *competent* enough. What you've *lost* in *youth* you've *gained* in *wisdom.*

Real ambition knows no *age.* There *never* was a century that offered *more advantages* to a *grayhead.*

This is the epoch of *wheels* and *wires. Hands* are no longer *important* tools. A *brain* is a far better asset than a *bicep.*

What if your arm *is* shriveled—what if your shoulders *do* stoop—what if your legs are a'wabble—what we *most* want, is an *efficient mind.*

Give us an *idea,* teach us a *big lesson,* preach us an *economy,* point us a *road, warn* us from an *error,* stand on the *side lines* and *coach*—we are all *searching* for *you* and just as *anxious* to *locate* you as *you* are to *prove yourself.*

You're a *bad salesman,* your *face* is a poor *show-case.* You display *doubt* and consequently *inspire* it. You *discount* your *powers* and *we* follow *your* example.

We're not skeptical of *ripened maturity,* but we *don't* trust *mature cowards.* We *fear* those who fear *themselves* and not *less* at 25 than at *52.*

Opportunity judges men's *hearts,* not their *wrinkles.*

There's work for you the *land over,* but you can't *have* it until you *pass muster* and *qualify.*

Remember this is the year *1912.* Have you kept *up-to-date?* Are you *abreast* with *progress?*

Surely you can't ask us to adopt *obsolete viewpoints* because *you* lack the *enterprise* to accept *new* ones.

Oh *no,* you can't plead your *years* in *extenuation* of *surrender*—that's *unreasonable* and *unfair.*

History *denies* you *such* excuse. She turns to *Von Moltke,* to *Bismarck,* to *Haeckel,* to *Gladstone*—she points to a *glorious* roll of *honor* on which are inscribed the names of *soldier* and *statesman*—*merchant* and *engineer*—*chemist* and *physician*—*inventor* and *builder*—who *found fame* in the *glow* of the *sunset.*

It's *never* too *late* to *serve*—it's *always* too *early* to *quit.*

If things have *not* gone *right,* you have probably gone *wrong.*

If, *despite* the *inspiration* offered by a *thousand* immortals, who accomplished *most* and achieved *farthest* after their *prime,* you *still* insist that *you're too old* to *win,* be resigned to the *truth*—you were *never* young enough.

PORTRAITS WORTH MILLIONS GUARDED BY FEROCIOUS DOGS AND GUNMEN

THE First New Women of the Renaissance — Live in the World's Memory and Admiration—Their Portraits Are the Most Valuable in the World—French Will Prevent Another Theft Like That of the Mona Lisa—Riches of the Louvre Claimed to Reach a Billion Dollars.

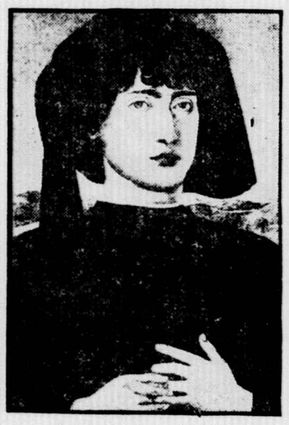
Special Correspondence of The Star.

PARIS, May 22, 1912.

IMMENSE, ferocious mastiffs lurk by night in the palace of Versailles. Slender police dogs, with tiger teeth, patrol the palace of the Louvre, beside their masters.

Gunmen, with automatic revolvers—they look tourists, but they are quick wrestlers and smashers—hang about the old royal apartments and parade halls, formerly filled with dawdling courtiers and fair women. By day, tourists of the world now loiter there—the palaces are the picture galleries of the French republic.

In these silent halls tourists see splendid women of the past smile down upon them. Do they realize that they have still defenders like the knights of old, prepared to fight and rescue them? They are the modest gunmen of no birth, who mingle with the throng, who glide with catlike step into the empty corridors.



A MOURNFUL YOUTH.

Among many old pictures brought to her from Italy a certain portrait of an earlier generation took the fancy of the Duchesse Anne. It represented a mournful youth of the Berzighelli family, whose doleful expression and strange gesture aroused curiosity and trouble in the heart of Duchesse Anne. Why did he pull the engagement ring from the third finger of his left hand?

They are the men with mastiff dogs by night, the grim patrols prepared to fall on the next destroyers of Mona Lisa's sisters.

* * *

In these days of automobile bandits and five-hundred-thousand-dollar old masters the lovely creatures are in continual danger. The riches of the Louvre are calculated at a billion dollars, but no one has estimated the collective value of the portraits in the various state palaces. Formerly they were looked on as beautiful and sacred objects; now they are things of value, like gold and jewels. A bandit gang like that of Bonnot has stirred the French to more activity than the consummate burglar of the Louvre. Never were the galleries so guarded. The men have been told to shoot.

Calmly, the splendid women of the past smile down upon their humble modern knights. They seem to know that times have changed. They ought to—they began them.

Women of the present, undisputedly man's equal, look back with admiration and humility on the strong spirits who won the first battles for you, centuries ago!

In an epoch when women were drudges and dolls, they made themselves men's peers by intelligence and charm. They created a new type—which has remained the modern—the ideal of woman, beautiful, learned, artistic, pleasant-spoken and interesting herself with competence and authority in all the things of life.

* * *

What a splendid creature was the famous Jeanne of Arragon! Her portrait by Raphael is one of those strange works which fascinate. Once seen, it is never forgotten.

Jeanne at ten years knew everything, except arms, that a well instructed young man of the time should know. She also danced, played ravishingly on lute and clavicord, and explained Cicero and Virgil. At fifteen, as wife of Prince Ascanio Colonna, she took possession of the old palace like a flood of sunlight.

In the fortress of the Colonna her first care was to make them give her a tower of her own, which she called her "Grotto"—as we would say today, her reception rooms and boudoir. There she massed antiques, jewels, paintings, tapestries, bric-a-brac. She employed painters and gave them fanciful subjects. Some such are now in the Louvre, from the collection of Cardinal Richelieu. One is "The Triumph of Mercury and Comus," the god of eloquence, and shows the ideals—quite new to her time—working in the mind of the charming new woman.

* * *

On the banks of a river, among bouquets and arbors, a gallant society of court of politeness—gracious dames and courteous cavaliers—chat in groups, listen to songs or compose verses. A breath of ambrosia perfumes the air. It is the world of those first old manuals of the art of living—regularly written by women—which soon began appearing, a sort of Arcadia, where the passions make a truce, self interest has no part, business is put aside, and where they give themselves up, in peace and fine leisure, to the perfecting of social life, a world that has the charm of a dialogue of Plato.

Only more so than Plato, because women had become the chiefs and leaders. Jeanne was one of the first and most notable of the emancipators of her sex.

There were others. If, in those days, they had the modern practice of the referendum, a popular vote of Europe would have divided the palm of feminine perfection among say twenty foremost of a hundred beautiful, witty and learned new women, as Brantome specifically calls them!

Venice would have elected Catherine Corano, august widow of the last of the Lusignans, who, having given a kingdom to her country, lived in majestic retirement at Cyprus. Naples would have voted for that wonderful Queen Jeanne whose memory still lived. Rome would have pronounced for the blonde Farnese, and Urbino for Laura de Diantl, so incomparable that her portrait by Titian has never been popularly called by any other name than "La Bella."

* * *

One and all are symbols of a privileged moment in the history of humanity. They signify a new and charming thing—the enthroning of feminine royalty in the modern world. Because, if women occupy such a considerable place in renaissance painting, it is because they suddenly came to hold it, really, in society.

While the system of a court adored by ladies was an invention of the renaissance, first introduced at Fontainebleau by Francis I, soon became a necessity. Brantome says that when the King took his gentlemen, alone, on a great hunt or into camp for a week, they soon began to murmur: "When shall we go back to court?"—meaning by "the court" not, as theretofore, the place where the King was, but, rather, the queen and her ladies.

The renaissance was the first great century of women. Held previously in an inferior condition, she at last took her revenge, and passed to the front row. She freed herself, and became a person having her own independent existence.

This transformation had the great consequence of making social life possible. "Society," that is, an ensemble of distinguished people of a locality uniting for a disinterested cause, not by reasons of family or business, but to form a common fund of their intelligence, a special intercourse distinct from the affections of the heart, which alone gives "politeness"; that particular convention which permits polite people to meet on a footing of momentary equality—business man and scientist, soldier and man of letters, artist and millionaire's son—under the patronage of a few elect women—the social circle of this kind is the creature of the French and Italian renaissance.

* * *

The middle ages had at once exalted and cursed woman; even idolizing her, it put her outside of nature—no society by Francis I, soon became a necessity. Brantome says that when the King took his gentlemen, alone, on a great hunt or into camp for a week, they soon began to murmur: "When shall we go back to court?"—meaning by "the court" not, as theretofore, the place where the King was, but, rather, the queen and her ladies.

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* * *

The middle ages had at once exalted and cursed woman; even idolizing her, it put her outside of nature—no society would have been possible with the Beatrice of Dante.

Yet some of these first new women had terrible old possibilities. In the Louvre, sister portraits to the stolen Mona Lisa, hang two other works by Leonardo deemed almost equally priceless—and both bearing the same name, yet different. Which was the true Belle Ferronniere? Is it she whose two eyes follow the tourist no matter where he stands? Its marvel is the profound glance, as Mona Lisa's marvel is the smile. Or is it the other tragic profile, all in iron and marble?

Neither portrait smiles. The vengeance of the Belle Ferronniere on King Francis I seems already to glow in each. Doubtless at the moment Leonardo painted her she was deep in it. Brought to France by the art-loving king, the great Italian's first work should have been to portray the latest royal caprice. The king called her his favorite—the rich, cultivated, strong-souled woman, whom he had ruthlessly separated from her family. And she pretended to accept the situation—while looking about for revenge. It was not easy, in those days, to torture a sovereign with impunity.

This is pure history. At that time, in Europe, every one dreaded a mysterious poison that had suddenly appeared. It was slow, making ulcers like cancer, and was always fatal—a virus so strong that, once in the system, a touch of the hand might pass it to another.

One day the Belle Ferronniere slipped from the palace in disguise. When she returned she had what she went out for—the dread thing was on her, in her and about her. "Let my beauty perish," was her meditation, "if I can but make him suffer from this!" And the King of France, calling on her constantly, was bound to take it up, by kissing her hand or by eating a peach which she had pared. Yet note, it was no poison from a bottle, of which she could be accused of purposely administering. Also, it was slow.

The first signs of the disease scared him. "It is nothing," smiled the Belle Ferronniere. "It is nothing," echoed the frightened doctors, and they ordered baths. Later the king never appeared without gloves. The quantity of drugs he took was awful. In time his face came to be made up with flesh-colored patches. For eight years the proud king dragged himself, in pain and disgust, through the royal routine. Courtiers kept a respectful distance. Palace servants hurled his discarded clothes and linen. Surrounded by sham devotion, he was a pariah in his own court. One person only dared to take his hand—the beautiful woman whom he had wronged, and who risked nothing—for she had the poison. When its ravages showed on her the king burst into tears. "What, you, too?" he cried. "Had I not done you enough harm?" He was mistaken.

Now the Belle Ferronniere disappears from view; but one stormy afternoon at Rambouillet, when Francis was at his last extremity, a lady came to see him. What passed no one knows; but finally the king was heard to give a great cry. Hastening, his doctors found him dead. "He has had a shock," the lady said, and it was obvious. White-faced and robed in black, they let her pass. Nobody cared much; all rejoiced around the young new king. What had she told the old king?

* * *

She remains mysterious to this day. Yet no historic character is more authentic. Ask any Frenchman, and he will tell you that the Belle Ferronniere—whose real name was Ferron—is the portrait nowadays labeled as that of Lucrezia Crivelli, an Italian woman who was never in France. The true portrait of the Belle Ferronniere—that of the ancient catalogues and still today entitled "formerly known as"—is the tragic profile by Leonardo, which hangs across the hall, a somber enigma."

All Leonardo's works are mysterious and subject to astonishing adventures. There are 2,000 authentic Rubens. There are 400 authentic Rembrandts. There are 200 authentic Titians. But of Leonardo da Vinci there exist only a dozen paintings.

The Louvre possesses half of them—which helps to give their fabulous value. Leonardo was not only a painter; he was a sculptor, engineer, architect, naturalist, musician, chemist and aviator. In his paintings, which were a pastime, he accumulated prodigious researches, and it was this activity which worked against them. Pope Julius II ordered a portrait from him, and Leonardo began by studying a new varnish. "Good," said the Pope, "he is commencing at the wrong end. I shall never have it!"

The Belle Ferronniere remained 150 years hidden in the Golden room at Fontainebleau beside the Mona Lisa, from the reign of Francis I to that of Louis XIV. There it was particularly noticed by Buckingham, the famous English ambassador. Visiting the chateau with Rubens, he expressed a desire to purchase the painting. Perhaps he expected a gift; but the French king found the suggestion indiscreet and had both portraits locked up in a closet. Louis XIII knew better how to defend his pictures than the present republic.

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Yet he allowed Leonardo's "Leda" to be sacrificed. The delightful picture shook the moral scruples of Surintendent Sublet de Noyers, who started to burn it. He was stopped by a courageous young maid of honor, who dragged the scorched canvas from the grate where Sublet threw it.

The new women of the Renaissance—Leda was Diane de Poitiers—often stirred up such admiration and devotion in their sisters of a later day. But see how in two different generations the simple needs of the heart cried out above culture, fashion, art and elegant society, even when the great souls of the heroines had thought to still them!

The marriage of Anne de Bourbon and the Duc de Longueville set the royal

JEANNE OF ARRAGON.

She invented modern society and was one of the first and most notable emancipators of her sex; and her portrait by Raphael, a priceless treasure of the Louvre, is one of those few productions which fascinate. Once seen they cannot be forgotten. Jeanne at ten years knew everything, except arms, that a well instructed man should know. She also danced, played ravishingly on lute and clavicord, and explained Cicero and Virgil.

town of Fontainebleau en fete. The importance of the parties made their union of public import. The ambassadors of four powers were present. The king protected the marriage of his kinswoman. A hundred girls in white escorted the bride, and fifty chevaliers in armor supported the groom. The poets replaced modern reporters, and instead of the photographers there was a court painter—whose work remains to smile down on us.

Duchess Anne had not a straight line; she was all curves and laughter. Yet it was known she had previously loved and parted with an earlier fiance, a noble youth of a family lower than her own in exalted position.

Anne conquered her sorrow. She was the first woman to wear a bang. At sixteen she led the styles, but that is nothing. Every department of art, literature and gentle living was her province, and the bric-a-brac merchants from Italy showed her their curiosities before submitting them to the king himself!

Among things brought from Italy she took a fancy to a portrait of an earlier generation. It represented a mournful youth, supposedly of the Berzighelli family, whose doleful expression and strange gesture roused the curiosity of Duchess Anne. Why did he pull the engagement ring from the third finger of his left hand?

* * *

Her inquiries in Italy brought news that the family was extinct. The youth had never married. And, bit by bit, she learned that, pulling the ring from his finger, she had there before her the rejected fiance of fair Simonetta, cynosure of the court of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Simonetta had loved young Berzighelli, but yielded to family pressure and married the elder brother of Amerigo Vespucci, from whom our country takes its name.

The rejected lover, so the report ran, had caused this souvenir of his unhappiness to be painted, and Simonetta, touched by pity, perhaps love, had originally stood by his side in it, while he pulled off the ring to hand it back to her. Who had cut Simonetta out of the canvas? Doubtless the Vespucci family. But to Duchess Anne, who had a cruel memory of her own, it seemed a punishment of fate on Simonetta to be refused the right to stand at last beside her wronged love, even in a picture. And what other eyes did she not see in those of Berzighelli?

So Duchess Anne developed a cult for the doleful portrait. Did she substitute herself for Simonetta? Both had reached the acme of public admiration and esteem, and if the greatest homage a woman can win is to become the collective dream of a whole people both Simonetta and Anne could testify to its vanity in face of a sacrificed love.

* * *

Of Simonetta, pride of Florence, it was said that merely to see her pass was a benediction. "When she is in the room," said Prince Cosmo, "I feel the world to be less wicked." She really created beauty round her, and so long as she was there it was not an illusion.

It lasted five years. During five years she was the one of whom the Florentine world dreamed. For her the poets rhymed their verses. Of her the painters made their Madonnas.

And she ended like all such creatures—too ardent and hurried to live because they feel they have so short a time. Fair Simonetta died one April dawn in Florence as the stars were going out, punished for having been too happy. She was only twenty-four years old.

When Duchess Anne came to this part of the story she used to smile with pained incredulity. Duchess Anne did not die at twenty-four. She lived on to be the leader of the Fronde, practical politician and wonderful old woman. She always kept the portrait of the mourning fiance and often told its story.

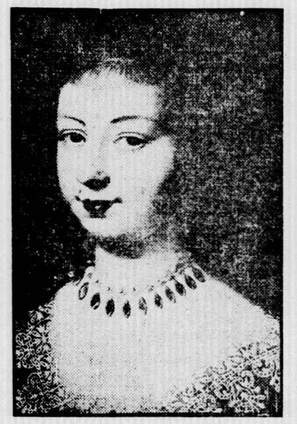
"But I do not think that Simonetta died of happiness," she always added.

Hum, hum, new women.

STERLING HEILIG.

KING FRANCIS I SHOWING EMPEROR CHARLES V AROUND HIS PALACE.

The system of a court adorned by ladies was an invention of the renaissance, first introduced at Fontainebleau by Francis I, and soon became a necessity. Brantome says that when the king took his gentlemen alone on a big hunt or into camp for a week they soon began to murmur, "When shall we go back to court?"—meaning by "the court" not, as theretofore, the place where the king was, but, rather, the queen and her ladies.



THE DUCHESSE ANNE.

She was the first woman to wear bangs. At sixteen, as wife of de Longueville, she led the styles. All art and literature was her province. Although all curves and laughter, she carried in her heart a secret sorrow—the remembrance of a youth whom she had jilted before her marriage. This is why she always treasured the old Italian portrait representing Fair Simonetta, mourning bridegroom. She lived long, and became a practical politician, but always said: "Don't tell me that Fair Simonetta died of happiness!"

Anecdotes Concerning Well-Known People.

The Short Route.

A WELL known society leader at a luncheon in New York told, apropos of the divorce evil, an anecdote.

"Two girls," she said, "were chatting over a cocktail and a cigarette.

"'Marriages are made in heaven,' said the first girl, and she blew a cloud of smoke into the air and regarded it with dreamy eyes.

"The second girl, with a light laugh, replied:

"'Yes, that is true, but, thank goodness, to unmake them we have to go only as far as Reno.'"

Bargains.

AN advertising expert said at an advertisers' dinner in Chicago:

"It is better to give than to receive. This is especially true of bargains.

"Bargains are superb things, but let us always remember that the people who offer bargains get rich quicker than those who take advantage of the same."

Horse of Another Color.

MAYOR SAMUEL L. SHANK of Indianapolis was condemning at a banquet a certain dishonest type of financier.

"The man's character reminds me," said Mr. Shank, "of a dialogue between an Indianapolis father and his little son.

"'Father,' said the boy, 'if both take what doesn't belong to them is there any real difference between a thief and a financier?'

"'Ah, my son,' the father answered, smiling, 'it is one thing to be a thief and quite another thing to know how to steal.'"

On the Suffragette.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, at a luncheon in New York, told a good story about a suffragette.

"A lecturer at Carnegie Hall," he said, "was describing certain western towns, where the males far outnumber the females. He ended his description with a mild joke. He said:

"'I heartily advise every unmarried suffragette sister to include these towns in her next vacation tour.'

"A suffragette in a front seat made an exclamation of annoyance at this, and, rising, she stalked out of the hall.

"The lecturer smiled upon her indignant departing figure and said:

"'But, miss, miss, I didn't mean that you should start in such a hurry.'"

Poor Man.

A WOMAN lecturer in an address on primitive woman in New York uttered a neat epigram about man.

"Never find fault with a man," she said, "Praise him always."

Then, with a smile, she added:

"Man, you see, always regards flattery as truth, and truth as abuse."

Darwin as Girls Read Him.

A SUCCESSFUL dramatic agent of New York said at the Colony Club the other day:

"It is an error to think that the intellectual girl is dowdy. Look at the girl graduates about you. Those with the highest marks wear, usually, the nicest frocks.

"I said one day to a Bryn Mawr girl:

"'How beautifully your pannier gown fits, dear. I thought you grave and reverend seniors were above such trifles?'

"'Oh, no,' said she. 'We all believe here in the survival of the best fitted.'"